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SUMMER ON THE  
AIRPORT ROAD

Summer on the Airport Road

Corn taller than yesterday, the field sways gently around the sharp curve. Tassels reach for pink ribbons in the morning sky, while the silks flutter daintily in a slight ruffle of breeze. Up on the crest of the hill, the landowner has added to the stunning view. All summer long, his stone fountain spurts an elegant stream, high in the center of the manmade pond. Day and night, the water soars, its backdrop of mountains, tinted by changing light, and the colors of the sky.

And as summer began, my friend was married up there. Bonding later in life, the two of them stood with the justice to make it official. No guests, one unskilled photographer. In the searing light of midday sun, my friend's high heels wobbling in the loam, we circled the pond once and again. Foreheads glistening with heat, we searched for the clearest angle to capture the moment.

Half hour later, I turned the air conditioner up high in my Honda, then headed down to Kinney's to make prints. It wasn't long before the two of them arrived, smiles wide as the door they came through. Left hands sparkling with new rings, they were eager to see how the pictures turned out. And to my relief, a good share in the bulging envelope were keepers.

We said our good-byes, and they left for a ride through the countryside, maybe to stop for pizza at their favorite place in Royalton. And these days, I have it on good information, that ever since then, the groom has not stopped smiling.